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A SUMMER IDYL.

BY

Caroline Webster D. (Stockbridge)
MRS. THOMAS HILL RICH.

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I.

THE throbbing hues of the heavens above,
Soft, drifting clouds—God's banner of love,
A shimmer o'er forest, and field, and brook,
And shadows that nestle in shady nook—
All are unheeded by Adelaide,
As she wanders alone to the mountain glade;
Her heart is with Edwin, far, far at sea;
And she lingers long by the trysting tree.

II.

THE mountain brook at her feet flows on,
Singing its gentle murmuring song,
Sparkling, and dimpling, and catching with glee,
Shadows of cloudlet, or waving tree;
Flowing along through shady dell,
Blending its note with cattle bell;
Winding through woodland where grasses dank,
And delicate ferns hang over its bank;
Singing and flowing—
Where hare-bells are growing—
Laughing and free,
Hasting forever on to the sea.

III.

ADELAIDE sits in the trysting place,
Her hands clasped over her tear-stained face,
Chanting her plaint, as the shadows grow long,
Pouring her heartache out in a song.

"*Will he never, never come back to me!*

"*Has the treacherous wave*

"*Tossed the sailor brave*

"*Into the sea—*

"*Into the arms of sea-nymphs fair,*

"*Mermaids in southern sea!*

IV.

NOW through the gloaming,
Over the stile,
Leapeth her lover,
Impatient the while;
Calling her softly—repeating her name—
Under the shade of the maple he came.
"Adelaide!" "Adelaide!" low is his tone,
Gentle its cadence as brooklet's sweet moan.

V.

SHE heard not his call, nor the stir of the leaves,
Her head is bowed low, for her maiden heart grieves;
He whispered, "my Adelaide, bride of my heart,
I've come for thee—never again will we part."
She saw, as one sees in a vision or dream,
When things not of earth a reality seem;
She shrank from his touch as he came to her side—
Then, fell on his breast,
Hope, fear, all at rest:
Love lighting her face
In that dying embrace—
Never his bride.

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